India



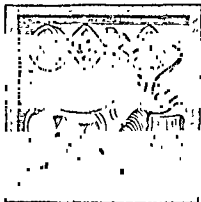
A POTTER of Mohenjo-Daro at his wheel. Beside him, drying in the sun, stand fully-shaped pots waiting to be baked in his brick oven. When fired, the finished vessels—deep red or ochre in colour, and mainly destined for household use—will be decorated by his womenfolk with attractive patterns painted in black.

Special reconstruction by Alan J. Philpott.

Frontispiece]

How Did *They* Live?

INDIA



Edited by
RAYMOND FAWCETT

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So swift has been the development of civilization in the past half century, so spectacular the manifold successes of science, that it is very easy to become obsessed with our own marvellous achievements and regard with indifference, if not actual disdain, the mighty cultures of the long-distant past. Yet who dare say with absolute certainty that the Ancients knew so much less of the things in life that matter than do we? Is it not often but bare truth that where they led, we have only followed, even if we have improved? Before we become too self-satisfied with the way *we* live, should we not first be sure of the answer to the question "How did *they* live?"

With picture and story, each of the six books in this series sets out to present a true impression of everyday life in one of the outstanding civilizations of long ago. The periods selected vary widely, for whereas one ancient people had its finest hour many hundreds of years before the Birth of Christ, another reached the peak of its power centuries after that landmark in recorded history.

THE text has been in the scholarly hands of Mr. Cyril G. E. Bunt who has drawn his inspiration largely from the results of the most recent archaeological research. The photographic illustrations, which include some of the finest known examples of early art and architecture chosen with the greatest care from both hemispheres, are supplemented by fascinating and authoritative reconstructions, most of them prepared expressly for the purpose.

Here you may make the long sea voyage from 4,000-year-old Sumer to the contemporary civilization of the INDUS VALLEY people. Within the orderly confines of their capital at Mohenjo-Daro—in many ways the most remarkable city of the ancient world—you will find the value of town-planning fully realized, an efficient drainage system already in operation—and a social code not without its echoes in modern times.

R. F.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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ASKED by someone in authority to produce your identity card, you would—no doubt—promptly do so (if you had it with you!) Asked how long such things had been in existence, you would—with equal lack of hesitation—probably say "Ten years or so."

In fact, the idea of an individual having on his person some small object which will always prove his identity beyond dispute is very far from being new: indeed the people of India were carrying identity cards (or something very similar) about with them well over 4,000 years ago. *Their* personal seals—for that is what they really were—appear to have been much more attractive than ours, as you will surely agree when you look at the one shown above. But what is far more significant, they hold

the key to a secret which even the most learned scholars in the world have so far failed to unlock.

Although we cannot *solve* this mystery, we can at least discover what it is and meet these men and women of a long-past civilization who bequeathed it to us in the first place—and a remarkable race we shall find them to be.

During our visit to their[1] country, we were shown several of the little, finely-engraved cylinders with which the Sumerians sealed their personal documents and business contracts. Among them was a square, flat seal, altogether different from the others, which we were told had been imported to special order from a far distant land about which nobody seemed to have any but the vaguest information. Then and there, our curiosity aroused, we made up our mind to go and find out for ourselves, despite many vigorous warnings against the formidable difficulties of such a lengthy and hazardous journey.

So it is that we now find ourselves boarding a long, narrow ship which is about to put out from the mouth of the River Euphrates into the Sea of the Rising Sun on the first stage of its return voyage to this little known land of India. We are already on good terms with the Master who, after showing us how his stoutly built craft with its up-turned bows and stern is constructed of reeds lashed together with cords, conducts us to his roomy "cabin" amidships which he has courteously agreed to share

[1] *See SUMER in the "How Did* They *Live?" books.*

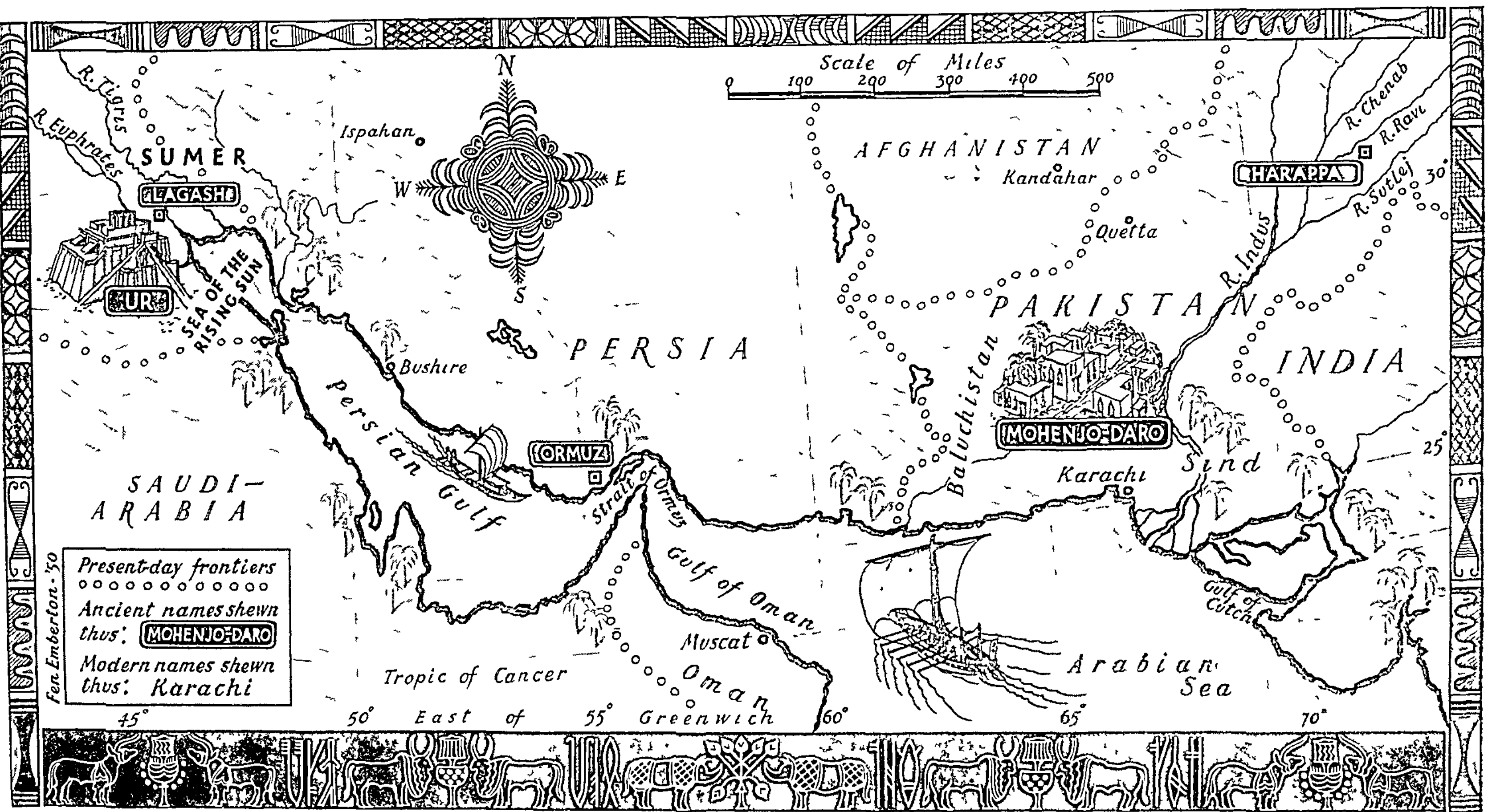
with us. "Up on deck" shortly afterwards, the great sail is run up to the single mast, bellying out as it catches the north-west wind, and the light, trim vessel—somewhat to our surprise—takes the blue waters of the Persian Gulf with ease and grace.

The crew of three—including the skipper whose name sounds like Naram—are swarthy, dark-skinned



For many hundreds of years, trade between Persia and India was handled through Ormuz on the Persian Gulf. In the sixteenth century the city was taken by the Portuguese, the ruins of whose fort there still stand.

men very unlike the Sumerians and they talk a quite different language, guttural and yet liltingly musical. They are, in fact, of some Indian race hailing from the valley of the River Indus (in what is now called the Province of Sind in Pakistan). The Master tells us that to the best of his belief this is the only part of India which is civilized. It *is* India, indeed, and takes its name from the Indus. It seems, therefore, that our voyage is to be one of over a thousand miles and may well be something of an adventure since it occupies



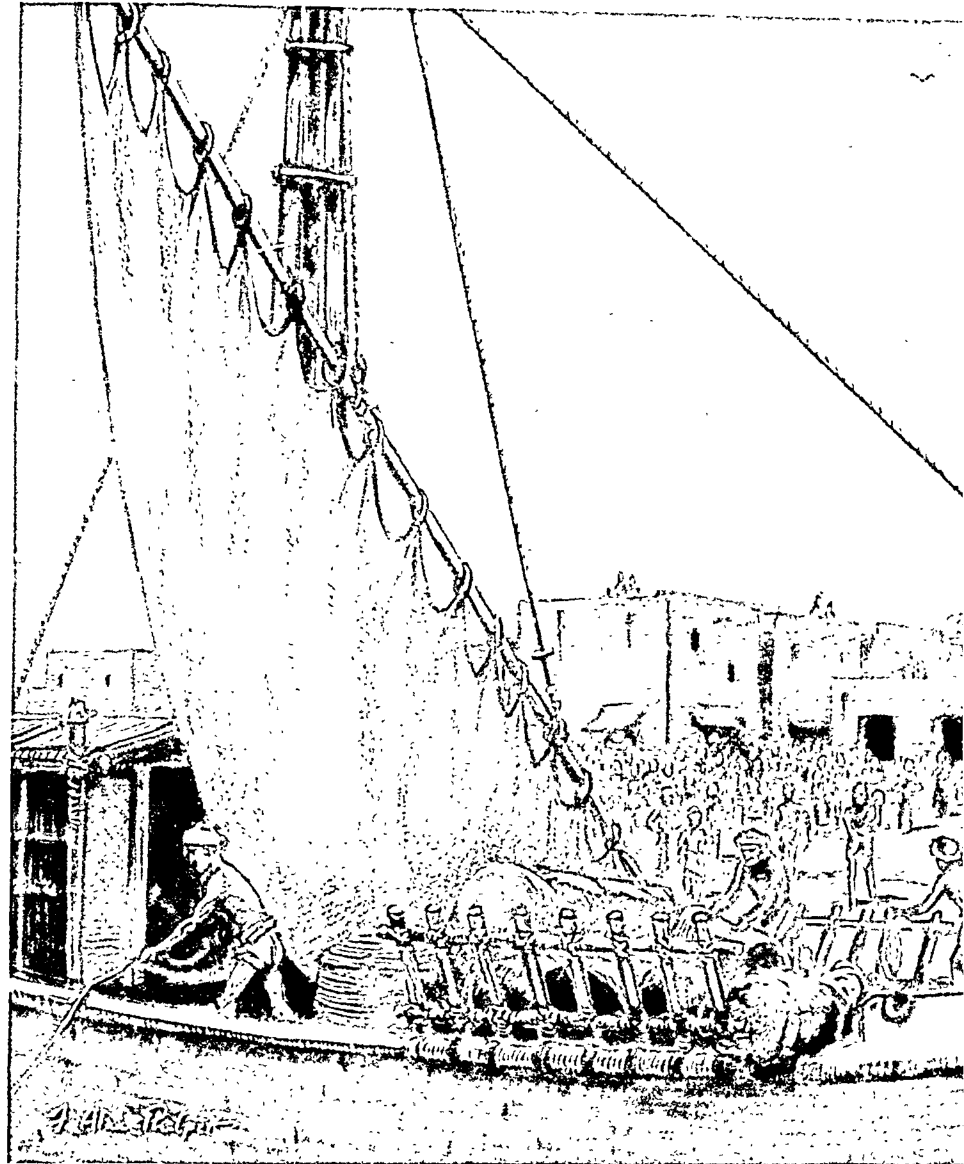
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Gulf of Oman
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Oman
SAUDI-ARABIA
AFGHANISTAN
Kandahar
Quetta
PAKISTAN
Baluchistan
MOHENJO-DARO
Karachi
Sind
R. Indus
HARAPPA
R. Chenab
R. Ravi
R. Sutlej
INDIA
Gulf of Cutch
Arabian Sea
Tropic of Cancer
45°
50°
East of
55°
Greenwich
60°
65°
70°
25°
30°
Present-day frontiers
Ancient names shewn thus: MOHENJO-DARO
Modern names shewn thus: Karachi
Fen Emberton · '50

many weeks and few are hardy enough to make it

The rocky, sun scorched shores of the Gulf are kept in view the whole way down its length, for the sea-going folk of this time sail by rule of thumb and seldom pass out of sight of land So hour after hour, day after day and week after week, we skim along the eastern shore, putting in at small settlements on the way for food and water Then one memorable morning we round the sharp bend in the Gulf where stands the rich mainland port of Ormuz, renowned from the earliest times, and here take on board a consignment of red ochre for which the place is celebrated but whose use we have yet to discover.

Not long after leaving Ormuz we sight the only large ship we are destined to meet With the westering sun picking out the colour on her huge sail, she makes an impressive picture as she beats up towards us Naram tells us that she belongs to the Pharaoh of Egypt who trades regularly with Ormuz, exchanging corn and other products of the Nile valley for precious spices and fragrant perfumes

The day comes when we steer round the shoulder of land at the mouth of the great Gulf and thenceforward the sun rises right over our bows, showing that our course is now running due east Throughout the long voyage we have small opportunity of talking with Naram or his men for they are either constantly busy—or asleep So we have little to do but enjoy the beautiful days skimming over the sunlit, dancing waves and the even more lovely tropic nights under velvet-dark skies pierced by myriads of twinkling sharp pointed stars At many places along the coastline we notice little settlements, some we

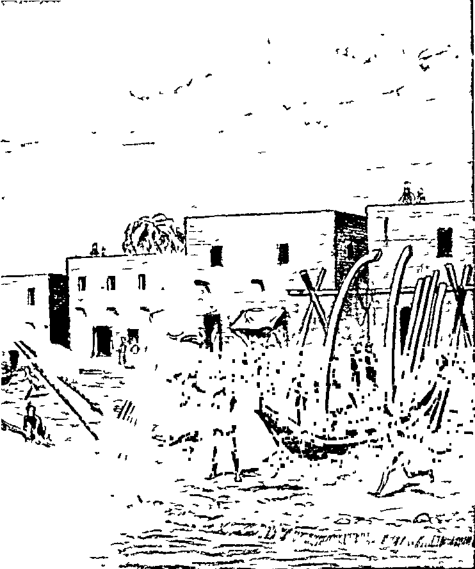


Built beside the river Indus, 200 miles to the north-east of Karachi the capital of modern Pakistan, Mohenjo-Daro was favourably placed to carry on trade by water.

Reconstructi

pass so close in that small boats come paddling out from them to have a look at the big trading ship. They bring us fruit and fish which they readily barter for grain.

The first hint we receive that our journey is nearing its end is when the deep blue of the waves begins to alter colour and become cloudy with minute particles of mud and sand carried down to the many mouths of the mighty River Indus. Then,

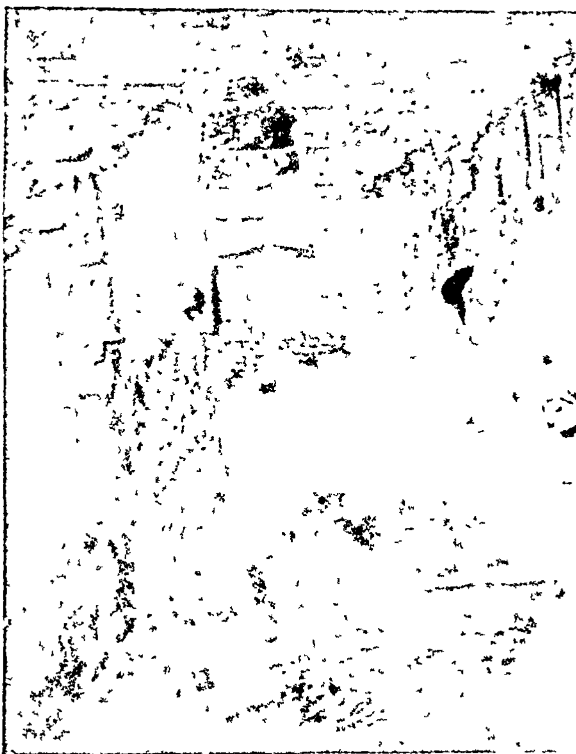


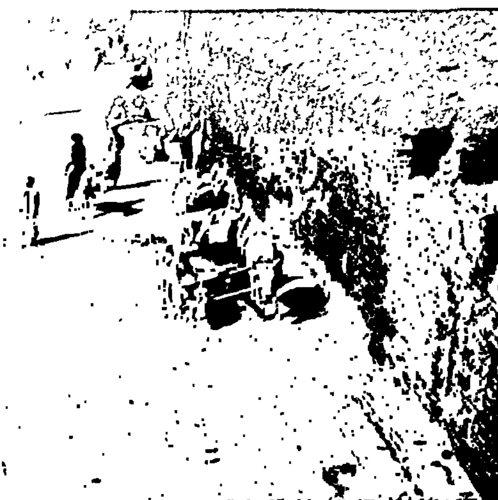
Here a trading-vessel returns from a sea-going voyage; such hazardous trips cannot have been frequent, but business *was* done with far-off countries, among them Sumer.

Alan Philpott

as dawn breaks one morning, we enter the broad channel of the river itself and in our progress upstream are joined by many little boats whose occupants, with cries and gesticulations, seem determined to escort us on our way. To them we are adventurers. To them our ship is a marvel, for is it not returning from a high adventure into the unknown—that far off land in the west which to them is but a legend?

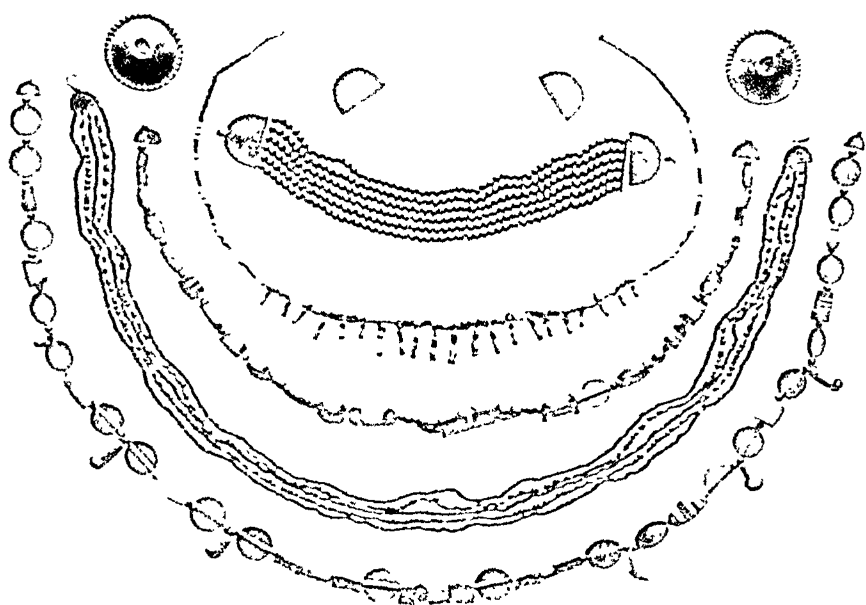
Two days' journey up the Indus brings us at long last to our goal—a great town, the size and evident prosperity of which overcomes us with surprise. We are going to be still more surprised when we meet its inhabi-





tants and see something of their mode of life. Thousands of years after our visit, when the climate and other physical conditions have altered the face of this land, when this remarkable city has largely decayed, it will be known as Mohenjo-Daro—the Hill of the Dead. So that we will call it, although now, at the height of its fame, it is very much alive and the most up-to-date town in the world.

While we wait for Naram to take us ashore, where he has most kindly offered us the hospitality of his



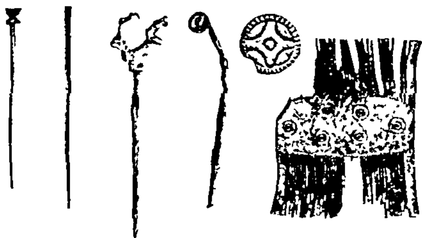
Necklaces and bracelets were as much beloved of the ladies of Mohenjo-Daro as of women today. Here—in gold, onyx, felspar and turquoise—are some they actually wore.

own home, we watch entranced the busy scene on the waterfront. As might be expected at a town with trade upon so big a river, boat-building is in full swing by the waterside not far away while on the quay a small crowd looks on. Others are clearly interested in our own ship which has been away so long trading into unknown parts. Elsewhere men are busy moving merchandise in front of buildings along the river bank which we take to be store-houses. Beyond, the town stretches away in orderly blocks of red brick houses. Here and there on the flat roofs we can see people about their daily tasks.

We are all eagerness to land, and when we do it is to find that this amazing town, in its surrounding of cultivated fields, is laid out according to the most modern plan. Its streets are mainly straight, some running north to south, others crossing them east to west. Obviously there must be some sort of committee or local authority here

which looks after such things, for never have we seen a tidier, cleaner-looking town. Mohenjo-Daro is certainly the very first city in the world to be planned upon such sensible lines.

Leaving the river side we make for the centre of the town, towards the principal street—the High Street as we may call it—a fine, broad thoroughfare about thirty feet wide. As we slowly thread our way between the many passers-by going about their business there, we notice that one quarter of the town appears to be built up upon an artificial hill some thirty feet high. We observe, too, that both men and women wear very scanty clothing by our standards, although we feel from the first that they lose nothing either in dignity or modesty by this custom which is dictated to some extent by the warm, equable climate and the simplicity of their codes of conduct. Most of the women are content with a brief cotton skirt, held at the waist by a girdle of beads or some woven material; a few also wear a



Toilet accessories of the Indus Valley womenfolk included ornamental hairpins and (right) double-sided combs: the button (top centre) is shanked in modern fashion.

kind of short cloak over the shoulders reaching to the waist. None wears shoes.

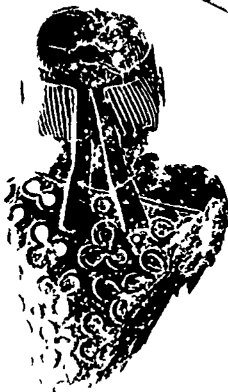
But if these womenfolk of Mohenjo-Daro wear few clothes, they certainly make up for it by a wealth of jewellery. Their girdles are secured by ornamental brooches, one or more necklaces of carnelian or other semi-precious stones adorn their necks and many bangles of gold, silver or bronze decorate both upper arms and wrists. We think their hair-styles most becoming a mass of curls worn at the back of the head and bound with a fillet of gold, or a plait tied with a diminutive bow at the end. Ornamental hairpins and combs, finger rings, nose rings and ear-rings are among other feminine accessories. We are intrigued, too, to note that the colour of their dark cheeks is heightened by cosmetics and that they surely blacken their eyebrows with some sooty substance!

The majority of the men have a waist-cloth and a robe worn over the shoulder of the left arm and brought down under the right so as to leave that arm free; as well as this, some wear a more voluminous garment tied in with a cord at the waist. *Their* hair is coiled into a bun, or a ring, on top of the head, and they have short beards.

Slow-moving bullock-carts rumble softly by us on the dusty surface of the High Street, heavily-laden asses are urged along the centre of the road-way by shouts from their hard-working drivers or occasional prods from a short stick. Most of the life of Mohenjo-Daro seems to be concentrated on the main streets, the side turnings being much narrower, some mere lanes no more than four feet wide.

Everywhere the houses appear to be mainly of two stories and are built of well-made baked bricks of a rich, warm, red colour. But walking up the street we find the effect rather monotonous, for we see few windows and the walls are severely plain.



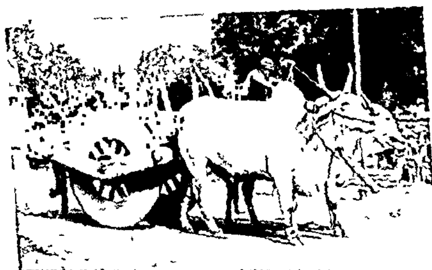


A bearded priest of Mohenjo-Daro as seen by an Indus Valley sculptor 4,000 years ago. Full-lipped and with heavy-lidded eyes, his hair is bound with a woven fillet and he wears an elaborate, trefoil-patterned shawl with corded edge. The statuette is made of greyish-green steatite and is 7 ins. high

Even the doors are, more often than not, situated in the side streets or lanes. (It is true, of course, that we are in the East where houses are frequently built round courtyards and



At our friend's invitation we enter a good-sized living room, almost square, the mud floor of which is covered with finely woven matting. The walls are plastered and furnished with recesses fitted with wooden shelves on which stand various pottery storage jars; in one corner is a capacious chest of wood, pleasantly ornamented with plaques of shell. This, we suppose, must be used for keeping clothes



Just such a cumbersome, solid-wheeled bullock gharry, or cart, as this must have been a familiar sight on the streets of Mohenjo-Daro and along the dusty tracks outside the city.

or other household goods. There is no attempt at interior decoration—these Indus Valley folk are, it seems, of a severely practical turn of mind with little imagination. Nor are there table or chairs (and again we realize that we are in the East where rich and poor alike squat upon the floor).

From the living room our host takes us along a corridor and into the bathroom so that we may have a much-needed wash. We cannot restrain an expression of astonishment at finding such a convenience in this ancient town, although it is scarcely

good manners on our part. But Naram only smiles and explains with evident pride that nearly every house in the town has its own bathroom with just such a brick floor sloping towards one corner where there is an outlet to the pipes which carry the waste to the drains. Before leaving us, he points out the jars of water standing ready for our use. Clearly the habit of cleanliness is considered a great virtue by these people and, as we are to find, apart from the obvious hygienic desirability of such a practice, their religion enjoins scrupulous and ceremonial ablutions.

Back in the living room again, Naram awaits us, as does an appetizing and welcome meal—a rich curry served in little earthenware dishes with a small spoon of pottery shaped like a mussel shell with which to eat it. While we eat this from the floor—quite a delightful experience—our host talks to us of his home town, of the Citadel, the Great Bath and the even larger public meeting house (we should call it, perhaps, the Council House), and promises to take us to see them. But he soon comes back to what is obviously his pet subject—the town's drainage system, and what he has to say about it is so interesting that we listen gladly. He tells us that the houses nearly all have efficient drainage whereby all waste water from the bathrooms, whether on the ground floor or upper story, runs away through brick or pottery channels, which are either concealed in the walls or outside, and then into deep sewers which run beneath the centre of the roads. These main drains are built of specially made, close-fitting bricks and are regularly flushed and kept clean, for there is



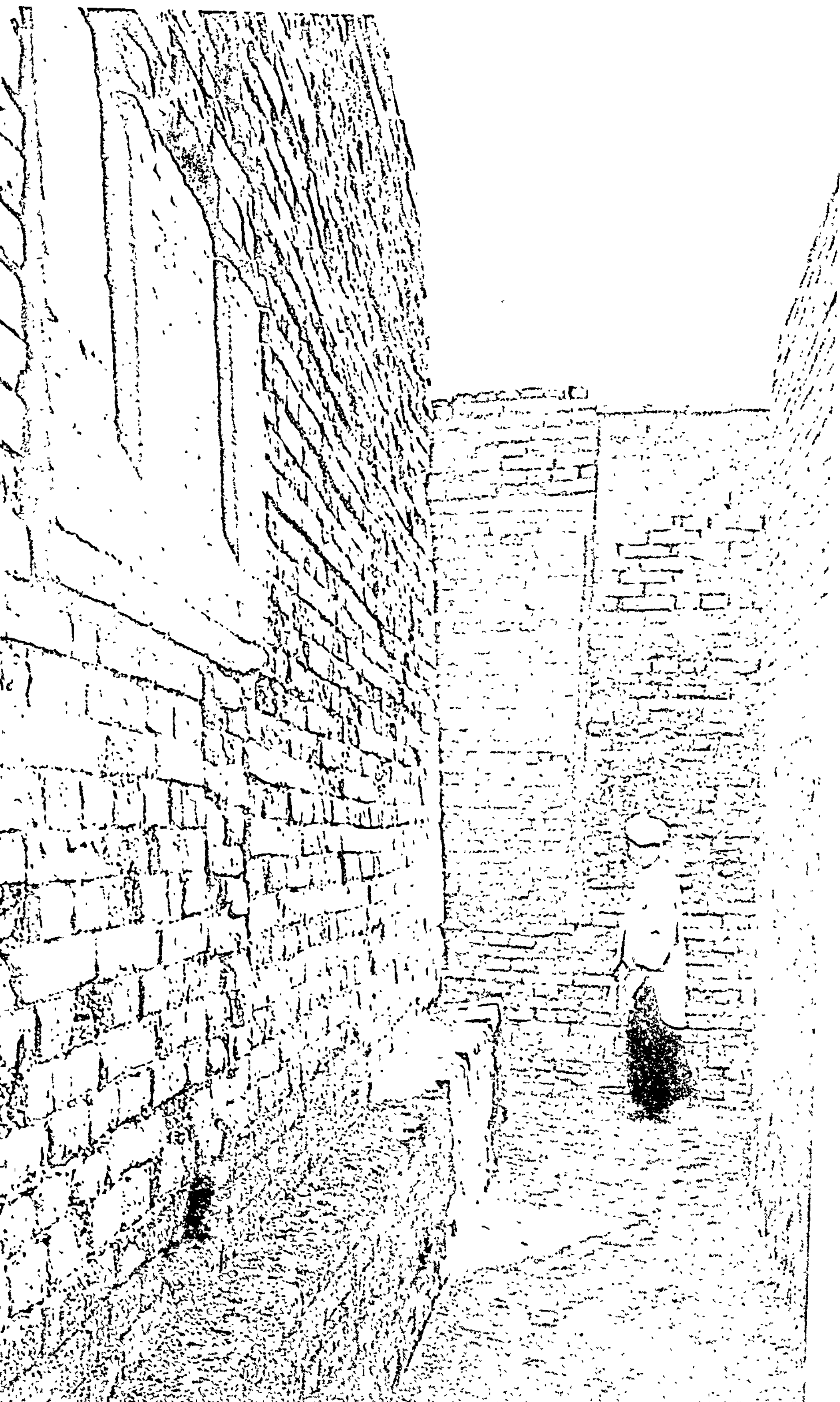
plenty of water in the public wells apart from the private wells in all the better-class houses.

Turning, with a well-concealed effort, to another subject, Naram informs us that he and his people have no king; instead a Council or body of elected representatives looks after



Mohenjo-Daro was obviously designed with great skill and foresight. Laid out on a systematic plan, its long, straight streets (above) are crossed by others running at right angles. These again are interconnected by narrow lanes, or side streets (left and below).



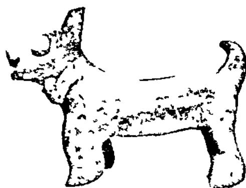


An astonishing feature of Mohenjo-Daro is its complicated drainage and sanitary system. In the left-hand wall of this street you can see the water-chutes from a bathroom.

their welfare, makes laws, appoints police or watchmen to keep the peace and punishes wrong-doers. It would seem, indeed, that the ordinary citizen has little opportunity to assert his individuality and that his way of life is ordered for him by the powers that be. Naram admits that he is not very well versed in past history, but says it is believed that at "the dawn of time" his race came over the







mountain passes of the Himalayas and conquered the original inhabitants of the Indus Valley. This is interesting hearing for the ancient books of the Hindus relate how, in the wide plains of the north-west, there are the ruins of the towns of the old Serpent Race (the *Nagabandis*) who, ages before the light-coloured Aryans set foot on Indian soil some

1,500 years before the Birth of Christ, had driven out the Bhils and the Kols and other tribes and built their splendid towns, becoming famous for their wealth and the beauty of their women.

Thus we realize that we are now actually among the remote ancestors of the very Naga race from which, in later ages, is to spring the famous Chandragupta, king of Pataliputra, and his even more renowned grandson, Asoka, whose name and fame are to be the grandest in India's subsequent history; for Asoka was the first king to rule the whole land and he carved his laws upon stone pillars that can be seen and read in parts of India to this day.







Severely practical to the point of bleakness, the living-room of a house in Mohenjo-Daro (left) showed small sign of interior decoration and had not a little in common with its counterpart in India today (above)

Our meal ends with a dish of mangoes and other luscious fruits—custard-apples, figs and lichis—followed by another visit to the bathroom (most necessary after eating mangoes), and then Naram leads us once more into the courtyard and up a brick-built flight of steps to the flat roof of his house. Here we



Compared with their offhand treatment of the human figure, the representation of animals by the Indus Valley artists is startling in its precision. The upper of these terracotta bulls (4½ ins. in length) is notable for its bold and effective modelling.

are introduced to his wife and children. There is no seclusion of women in Mohenjo-Daro and, as far as we can see, there is almost complete equality between the sexes.

We find the wife of our host a pleasant, homely woman, whose dark complexion only adds to the attractiveness of her features, especially when she gives us a smile of welcome. She speaks in gentle, well-modulated, musical tones and we are very soon talking about the children—a subject entirely after her own heart. We are glad of the opportunity of making friends with them because to make friends

with the young folk is to go a long way towards understanding the grown-ups.

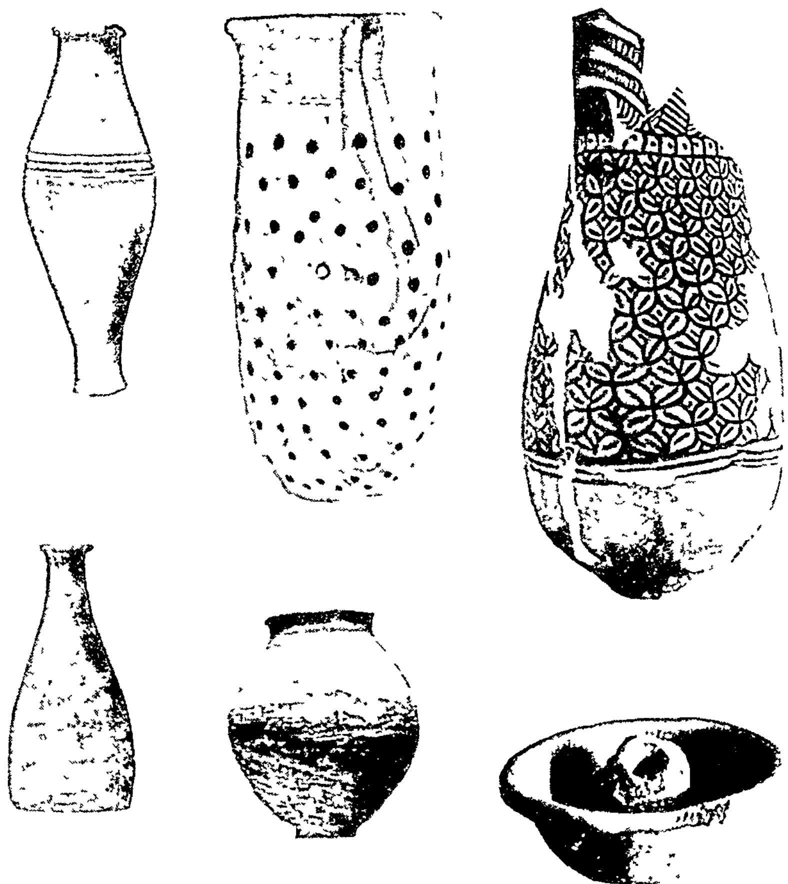
First of all we ask them about their toys and games. Shyly one of the younger girls confesses that they were playing " Mothers and Fathers " with miniature pottery articles which—to our surprise—she tells us that they make themselves out of clay, getting the cook to bake them in his bread-oven. The girls have dolls of wood or rag, the boys pottery whistles and toy carts similar to those in daily use in the town. They also play marbles. Babies have rattles of brightly painted pottery, some of which



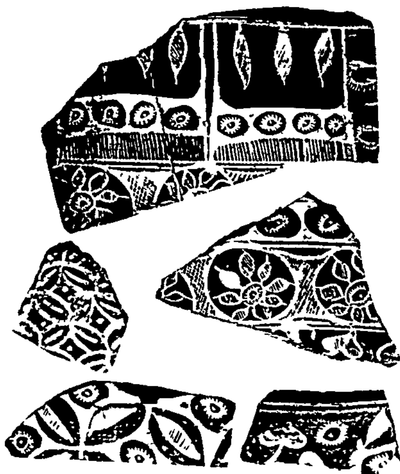
In striking contrast to the careful handling of the bulls opposite, this bronze figurine of a dancing girl from Mohenjo-Daro (4¼ ins. in height) seems crudely conceived.

are in the form of familiar animals. One of the older children shows us a tiny bird-cage complete with a bird "like the one mother has in the house." We listen, and hear the real bird singing in one of the rooms below. Presently a model bull is produced, who nods his head; and then, in final triumph, an amusing figure with arms extended between two strings which, as is vigorously demonstrated, can be made to climb up or down the cords by working them with the fingers.

Naram's wife describes for us some of the games



Household pottery from Mohenjo-Daro including a perforated jar which was filled with charcoal and used as a heater (top centre), a leaf-pattern ewer (top right) and a candlestick (bottom right).



Roughly turned on a wheel, much of the pottery was decorated in black on red with such attractive designs as these, the leaf *motif* being very popular.

that she and her husband (and other adults) play. One, something like halma or draughts, is played upon a board of twelve or more divisions with little, round, pointed men of different colours which are moved on the red or black squares. Sometimes this game is played on squares roughly scratched in the brick or mud of the floor. Dice are much used for games of chance and some of the people reckon game-cock and partridge fighting among the sports. Music and dancing, apparently, are confined to religious ceremonies, the music being little more





Rhinoceros (left) and tigers (centre and right) are among the animals depicted on the seals. At the top of each of the impressions is seen that forceful, sharply defined "writing", the meaning of which has remained an impenetrable secret for 4,000 years

silver. In such vessels the women keep their precious necklaces, rings and other jewellery which comprise their wealth, these they wrap in cotton cloths and, in times of peril, bury them beneath the floor.

As there are still about two hours to sundown and darkness—there is little or no twilight in this part of the world—our host suggests that we might like to visit the Citadel and the great Bath-House about which he has told us. So under his friendly guidance we are soon back in the High Street, with the afternoon sun throwing long, slanting shadows across our path. A few minutes walk brings us to the Market Square, a large walled space with permanent stalls in rows down its aisles. Here a busy scene and a picturesque one greets us as we make our way among the crowd. The seller of grain is serving his customers with their daily requirements from his bowls of wheat, barley and spices, and from piled baskets of rice and all the ingredients which are used in the making of curry. These and other produce of the surrounding countryside are being doled out in small quantities. Farther along, the fruiterer's shop presents a feast of colour with its pyramids of juicy melons, mangoes, jack-fruit and plantains.

In one corner, in front of a " china shop " as we might call it, we come upon a potter industriously turning his pots. His wheel is a heavy board of wood, pivoted in the centre, which he deftly spins with one hand, at the same time controlling the wet clay with the other. We stand and watch as he throws a shapeless lump upon the wheel and presses it together. Then, with a spin of the wheel, the clay seems to waken to life and rise up beneath his sensitive touch. Up it comes and then down he squeezes it once more, to raise it again in a slightly different shape. Presently his practised thumb thrusts its way into the top, long thin fingers go inside, while his hands cling round the whole mass—and immediately the shape of the piece becomes apparent. With the side of his hand he shapes the base and with the ball of his thumb produces the incurved neck. Finally, stopping the wheel, he gently removes the vessel and one more is added to the row of pots ready to be fired which stands beside him to dry in the afternoon sun. Later he will bake them in his brick oven and his wife and family will add the decoration.

The noise of beaten metal next draws our attention to the shop of the coppersmith. The strong sunlight gleams upon trays, lotahs and cups of various shapes and sizes making their decorated surfaces shine like red gold. The smith works squatting behind his wares, hammering away the whole day long, and also makes bangles, needles, pins and many other articles of daily use.

We do not see the weavers at work. Simple as their looms are they require more space than the



Frequent representations of a Mother-Goddess in terracotta figurines such as these indicate that she was a household deity held in high esteem.



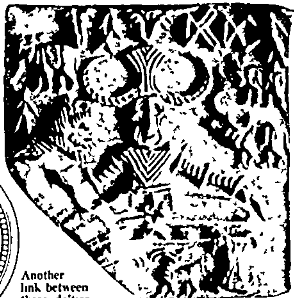
market place affords. But we do see the cloth they have made, in rolls ready for purchase — mostly coloured cottons and the fine muslins for which the land of India is famed. The gossamer-like threads from which these muslins are woven can only be spun in the cool of the morning or evening and then only by the young women, for they require a steady, cool hand.

The butcher's shop is not particularly inviting but as we pass it quickly by we have time to notice that buffalo meat, pork, goat and fowls are all there for those who desire them. Of more interest to us are those shops whose keepers practise their crafts and sell their own products, such as the toy shop where, either carved in wood or modelled in clay,

tiny replicas of things in everyday use are cunningly made for the children. Household utensils, models of bullock-carts, of dogs, oxen, birds in cages, dice, rattles, marbles and scales (like the shopmen use)—all are here, with many another that children the ages through have loved to play with. Of course, this shop is a great attraction to the little, all but naked youngsters, but even more are clustering about the sweetmeat stall farther down the same row. Here, in a pan heated over a low fire, puffed corn and parched wheat are made—delicacies which the older citizens like as well as the younger ones. We try some ourselves (so, incidentally, does Naram!)—and they are good. Several kinds ot sweets are made from crushed sugar cane, and remarkably sticky candy and toffee are other delights of the children who carry them away in little cups fashioned from the large leaves of some tree.

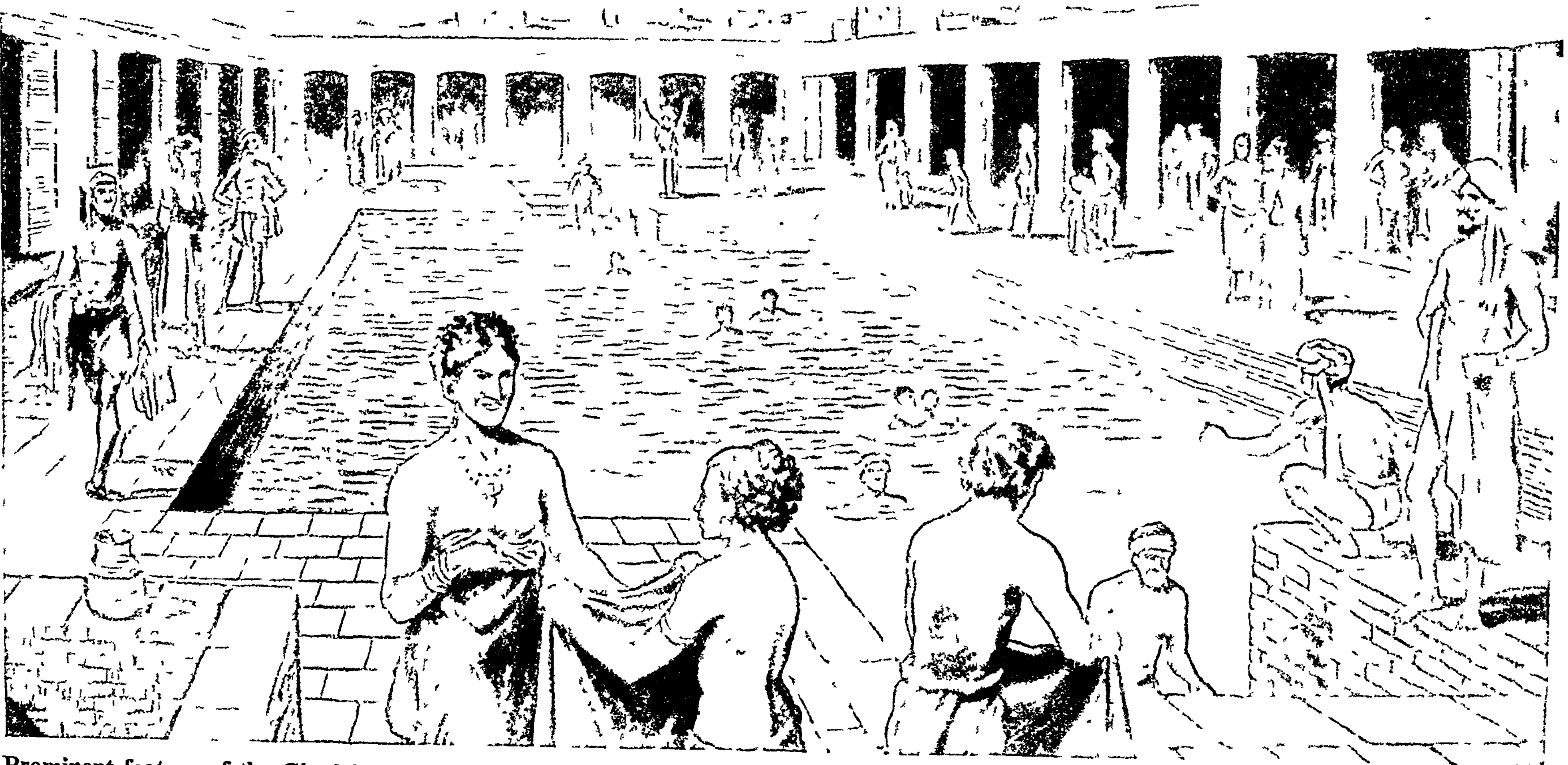
Frequently during our long voyage to Mohenjo-Daro, and especially throughout this fascinating day that is now drawing to its close, we have thought of that strange little object which first sent us forth on our travels. Despite the countless wonderful things that, one after another, have claimed our interest, we have contrived to keep a look-out from the corner of our eye for any companions of that enigmatic seal reputed to have come from this land, so far in vain. Now we ask Naram outright. He listens attentively, as is his way, then smiles broadly and motions us to follow him to yet another booth. Displayed here are a large assortment of beads for necklaces, bangles, brooches and nose-rings and—yes, there they are!—a collection of the little seals.

Represented in this seal-impression (right) is a horned, 3 faced god whose peculiar seated posture and attendant elephant, tiger, rhinoceros and buffalo suggest a forerunner of the great Hindu god Siva, Prince of Yogis and Lord of Beasts (below)





Another link between these deities is their common symbol among the Indus Valley people, the sacred snake—among the Hindus, the hooded cobra, still seen on stone tablets at wayside shrines in India



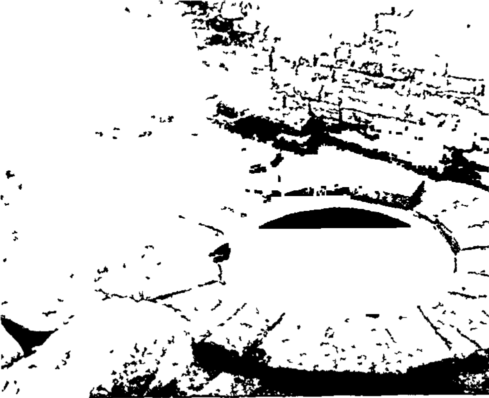
Prominent feature of the Citadel area at Mohenjo-Daro is the Great Bath (below) which was used for ceremonial purification. With steps at each end, it is lined with close-fitting bricks and was originally surrounded by a wide platform abutting on a cloistered walk (above). [See also illus. on pp. 12 and 19.]

Reconstruction by F Alan Philpott



Impatiently we wait while our friend asks—and then receives—permission for us to handle and examine some of them. They are of various sizes, the biggest about two inches across, and, like the one in Sumer, most are splendidly engraved with brilliant representations of animals—elephants, rhinoceros, tigers and different breeds of cattle are among those we recognize. Above these beasts we notice in each case a line of curiously shaped characters which we can only assume to be some form of writing. We remember seeing similar "lettering" earlier in the afternoon on some of the things in the shops. Naram confirms our guess and does his best to explain what the mysterious characters mean, but try as we will we cannot even begin to understand him. Nor need we be ashamed of our denseness, for this is the puzzle that is to remain unsolved for 4,000 years and maybe much longer than that.

But we do grasp one important fact—that these small tablets also serve the purpose of amulets which, since they are carried about by everybody, are thought to protect their owners from the spirits and goblins and the "evil-eye" in which all believe. But it seems that these spirits and goblins are not the Indus Valley people's only gods. Their chief deities are the Earth-God, giver and maintainer of life, and his consort the Earth-Goddess. The Earth-God is worshipped under the form of his emblem, the Serpent *Shesh*. Though they do not, of course, know it, this Earth-God is the early form of Siva, one of the great Hindu gods whose symbol is the hooded Cobra. For thousands of years the



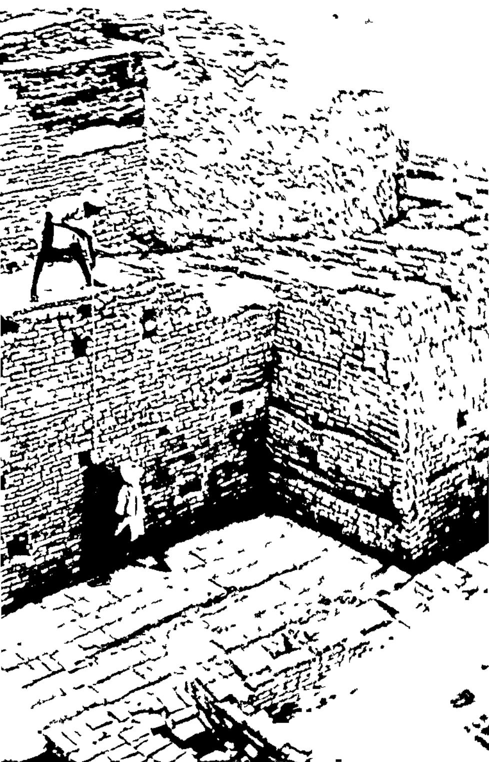
No doubt locally grown cotton was used by the people of Mohenjo-Daro to weave the material for their clothing, and dyers' troughs like these are a sign that the colouring of textiles was probably an industry of some importance.

people of India have preserved this primitive belief in the Earth-God and his symbol and, far away in Southern India, stones carved in the shape of the sacred Cobra and set by the wayside shrines can be seen to this day.

But we must not linger in the market lest night falls before we reach the Bath-House. It is only a short way farther on and indeed we are not sorry to leave the bustle, noise and smells for the quieter and less oppressive streets beyond. Turning left into one of the cross-lanes, we presently ascend a broad flight of steps and find ourselves upon an extensive raised platform, or artificial hill, which forms the Citadel and Civic Centre, as it were, of Mohenjo-Daro, some thirty feet above the houses and shops of the Lower City that we have just left. Here we first explore the ceremonial Bathing Place.



ard by the Great Bath at Mohenjo-Daro stood the City Granary, a massive ilding of burnt brick with a wooden superstructure When it was brought to light 1950 the woodwork had long since perished, but the 25 ft brick base was wonderfully preserved



Below the main loading platform at one end of the granary *(above)* is the recess into which bullock wagons must have backed to discharge their grain storehouse is fitted with ventilation shafts (top left) to keep its condition for some time

This is a big oblong building which we enter by a wide cloister-like passage with doorways at intervals in the inner wall. Passing through one of these we come to a paved walk about fifteen feet wide and extending all the way round a huge sunken bath. It is not being used at the moment, so by peering down through the clear water, we can see that the whole bath is lined with closely-fitted bricks and that at each end, leading down to the water, is a stairway with wooden treads. At both ends, also, we notice platforms across the bath to mark off strips of shallow water for the young.

The water itself, Naram says, is supplied from a deep well adjoining the Bath-House and the bath can be emptied through a small outlet in one corner. Thence the water flows into a channel in which a man can stand upright and so away into the main drainage system of the town. Leaving this spectacular bath, which is only used for ritual purification, we go into an adjacent passage which has thick walls and, at intervals, eight narrow doorways, four on each side. Without seeming inquisitive, we cannot, of course, see inside these, but Naram tells us that here live the officiating priests who attend the purification ceremonies held at certain times in the great bath outside. Each of these priests has his own private bathroom for daily ablutions and above this is the cell in which he lives, reached by a flight of stairs.

Our way back from the Bath-House lies through a neighbouring street where our attention is drawn to a large, well-built and seemingly very old building which occupies the whole of one block. It is the



Evidence of Mohenjo-Daro's well-planned drainage system Water from the Great Bath could be emptied through an outlet at one corner whence it was carried away through a brick-built channel with corbelled roof enough for a man to stand in

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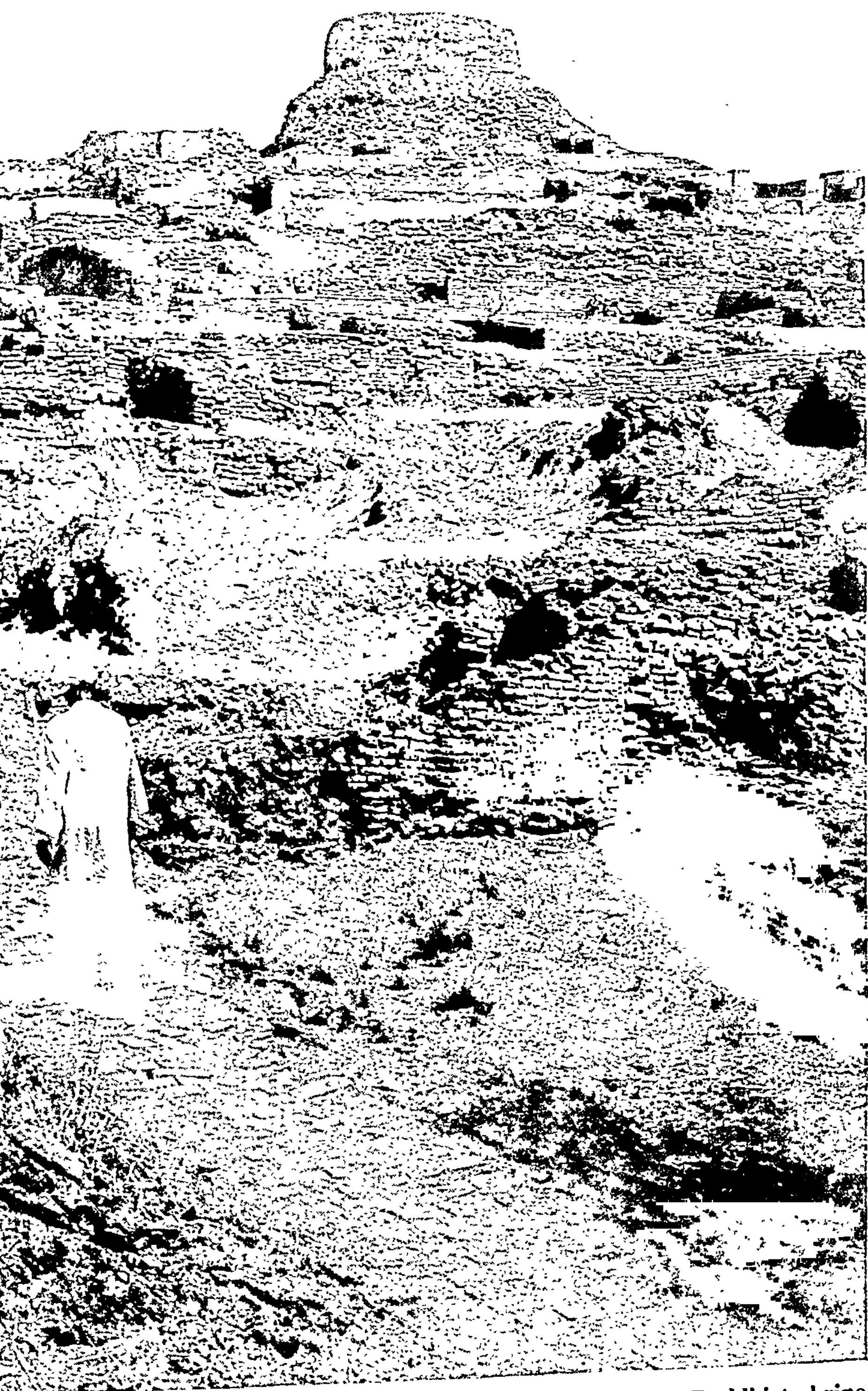
Evidence of Mohenjo-Daro's well-planned drainage system. Water from the Great Bath could be emptied through an outlet at one corner whence it was carried away through a brick-built channel with corbelled roof high enough for a man to stand in ([illegible]



The water which the citizens of Mohenjo-Daro put to such good use came mainly from public wells; some private houses had their own.

residence of the Governor and the administrative offices of the town. To Mohenjo-Daro it is what the Mansion House is to London. Its chief feature is a big pillared-hall used for conferences and other functions. Not far from this Government House is the premier shrine of the city's gods, hardly to be distinguished from the outside from an ordinary dwelling house, except that it is raised upon a slight eminence. Here we may not enter, but upon the altars within are the images of the Earth-God and

Cleaning pots and drawing water—domestic scenes in present-day India that must closely parallel the everyday life of the Indus Valley countrypeople.



On the highest point of the Citadel is a 2nd-century Buddhist shrine built above the Indus civilization walls 2,000 years earlier in date.

of the Mother Goddess who protects the home and the town. In the courtyard of this holy building, guarded by a brick wall, grows the sacred Pipal Tree (the Sacred Fig) whose leaves shake like the aspen poplar and for that reason are believed to be the abode of spirits.

In a quarter of an hour now it will be dark, so we turn our steps homeward, passing as we go certain houses, situated at the corners of streets, which are places of refreshment—the inns of the time. They have larger rooms than the ordinary dwelling and in each of them is one room paved with bricks where tall pottery jars of liquor stand—probably " toddy " which is drawn from the succulent shoots of the palm tree. Already, we see, some of the townsmen are making their way to these centres of gossip and companionship.

As the sun goes down and the air begins to strike chilly, we reach the house of our friend and find that the children have already gone to bed, for here they rise and go to rest with the sun, like the birds. Happy in the company of Naram and his wife we enjoy another welcome meal—this time of [illegible]-pattis (which are something like sweet pancakes fried in clarified butter) and fruit. Then we are shown to our room and, having taken our candle in its pottery candlestick, we say " Good night " to our host and hostess. A pile of mats upon the mud floor makes a much more comfortable bed than we could have expected and we drop off to sleep in no time—though not before we have clutched firmly in our hand a small, square, flattish object on whose surface we can feel the outline of an elephant.

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ILLUSTRATIONS in bold type thus **43**



ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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